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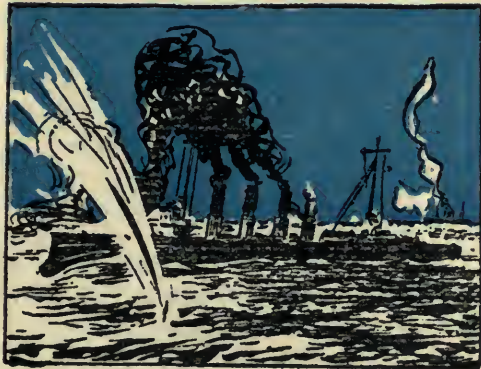
A BALLAD OF "The Gloster" & "The Goeben"

By MAURICE HEWLETT.

Come landsmen all and ladies,
And listen unto me
A-singing of the *Gloster*
Upon the Middle Sea.



The *Goeben* and the *Breslau*
They cruised th' Italian main;
No ship was there to stay them,
Their course was fair and plain.



But when the cruel guns open'd
Upon them from the shore,
From stem to stern they shiver'd,
Not being men of war.

Says *Goeben*, "Mate, it won't do;
This means there's war declared.
We'll find a place to hold two,
Leastways if we be spared.

"The strait it is no place for us
With all these beastly shells;
We'll out and seek the Turkish waters
And the Dardanelles.

"Their winds are not so boist'rous,
Their men are not so free,
And not so hard on poor sailors
Weary of the sea."



Just then the saucy *Gloster*
And her four thousand tons
Came up against the *Goeben*
And ran beneath her guns.

"What make you on the high sea,
And whither will you fare?"
"We seek a goodly haven
Where we can take the air."

"I'll send you to a haven
Which ought your case to fit.
D. Jones is harbour-master,
You show him this 'ere *chit*."

The seaman gunner pickt a shell
And spat upon it first;
Says he, "This here should give 'em beans,
If so be that she burst."

The *Breslau* gives a holloa,
"Be careful how you play;
For by your random marksmanship
My funnel's shot away."



"Good shooting," says the *Gloster*,
"Now give the *Goeben* one."
And being on a stern chase
She lays the swivel gun.

A thirty shots the *Goeben*
Let fly; the *Gloster* three;
And one she raked the main deck,
And one she struck the sea;



The third she struck amidships.
"A-done!" the *Goeben* bawled;
"I've got a nasty list now,
And must be overhauled.

"But for that blasted *Gloster*—
If I could do her down
I'd be the brightest jewel
Upon my Kaiser's crown.

“She beats us with her gunning;
But we’ve got better heels.
Let’s have a race,” says *Goeben*,
“And see how vict’ry feels.”



The *Gloster* she gave over—
She’d had her little games.
The *Breslau* and the *Goeben*
They now bear other names.

Now God bless all our seamen
Who keep the English seas,
And send them equal fortune,
With worthier foes than these!

